

THORNE

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS WOLFMAN

CRESTWOOD HOUSE



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FRANKENSTEIN MEETS WOLFMAN

BY IAN THORNE

ADAPTED FROM THE SCREENPLAY "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS
THE WOLFMAN" BY CURT SIODMAK



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WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL

Two men came sneaking through the mist. They entered the cemetery. From time to time, they looked over their shoulders. The moon above them seemed to be racing amid torn clouds.

"You think anybody saw us, Alf?" one whispered.

"Naw," said the other. "Watch your step now."

Something was watching the pair. A crow sat in a crooked tree that grew beside a tilted gravestone. "Caw! Caw!" it cried, sounding like ghostly laughter.

The men stopped in front of a large crypt. "This is it, Alf!" Carved in stone above the door was the word: TALBOT.

The door to the tomb was locked. But there was another way in. When they were inside, they looked around. The lantern they carried made eerie shadows. On all sides were the stone coffins of dead Talbots.

"Look here, Fred. It's Sir John's coffin! He died of grief after killing his son, Lawrence!"

"Never mind him, Alf," said Fred. "It's Larry's tomb we want. He's the one buried with the ring!"

The men examined the name plates on the coffins. Finally they found the right one: LAWRENCE STEWART TALBOT. They lifted the lid . . . and found dried plants!

"Wolfsbane!" exclaimed Fred. "You suppose the stories could have been true? About Larry being a — a werewolf?"

Grave-robbers enter the Talbot crypt at the start of Universal's classic film, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN (1943), with screenplay by Curt Siodmak.



The werewolf shows signs of life.

The two men remembered the old poem:
*Even a man who is pure in heart
And says his prayers by night
May become a wolf when the wolfsbane blooms
And the moon is full and bright.*

They lifted the dried plants out of the coffin. And there was the body of Larry Talbot.

"He looks like he's asleep!" said Alf fearfully. "And there's a full moon tonight! Let's get out of here, Fred!"

"Not without that ring," said Fred stubbornly. He bent over the body. Alf went back to the ladder, ready to climb out of the tomb. Moonlight shone in, and . . .

A hand reached out of Lawrence Talbot's coffin. Fred let out a shriek. "He's alive!"

The hand seized Fred by the throat. He lurched back, upsetting the lantern. Flames whooshed up from the spilled oil. "Don't leave me!" screamed Fred.

But Alf had fled. He ran away as fast as his legs could take him, trying not to listen to the screams coming from the Talbot crypt.



Awaking in a hospital, Larry (Lon Chaney, Jr.) is reassured by Dr. Mannering (Patrick Knowles) and a nurse.

One day later Larry woke in a hospital bed.

"There now, don't fuss," said the nurse.

"Where am I?" cried Larry, afraid.

Young Dr. Frank Mannering reassured him. "You are in Queen's Hospital, in Cardiff. You've had a critical head operation. You must rest. Do you know who you are?"

Larry touched bandages on his head. "Of course. I'm Lawrence Talbot. But what am I doing in Cardiff?"

Cardiff was a large city some distance from Larry's home in Llanwelling, Wales.

"You were found more dead than alive on the street," Dr. Mannering said. "Someone would like to talk to you if you feel well enough."

Inspector Owen of the local police interviewed Larry. Then the inspector called the police station in Llanwelling to inquire about the injured man.

"Lawrence Talbot?" the village constable said. "He can't be alive in a Cardiff Hospital. Lawrence Talbot died four years ago!"

Inspector Owen put the phone down. He looked at Dr. Mannering. "That patient of yours is an imposter!" he said.

"Whoever he is, I'll be responsible for him," said Dr. Mannering. He did not realize what he was saying!



Larry couldn't stop the change!

That night, the full moon shone into Larry's room. He awoke. And he remembered! His face twisted in agony. He knew what was going to happen.

He would change into a werewolf. He could not help it. He had been bitten by a werewolf, the son of an old gypsy woman, and this had passed the curse on to Larry.

He held up his hands and stared at them. They were becoming furry. "No!" Larry cried. "Not again!"

But he could not stop the change. In minutes, a werewolf leaped from the hospital window and went prowling through the streets of Cardiff.

The wolf man sought a victim. He loped through a street of warehouses, then jumped onto a crate.

Somebody was coming!

A policeman strolled down the cobblestone street. The werewolf gave a growl of triumph and sprang . . .

In the morning, Larry was back in his bed, a normal man. He called the nurse. "Something terrible has happened! Call the police. I'm a murderer!"

The nurse tried to calm Larry while Dr. Mannering sent for Inspector Owen.

The werewolf prowls Cardiff.



When the inspector arrived, Larry tried to tell him what had happened.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Talbot," Owen said. "It is true that a policeman was killed. But not by you. By some wild animal that tore his throat out."

"I turn into a wild animal!" poor Larry cried. "When the moon is full. Ask the old gypsy woman, Maleva. She knows! There's a curse on me."

He tore open the front of his pajamas and showed the scar of the werewolf bite. But still no one would believe him.

Larry wept. "I tell you, Lawrence Talbot died four years ago. But somehow — I've come back to life." He pleaded with Dr. Mannering. "You've got to help me die again! If I remain alive, I'll kill again. Every time that the moon is full!"

The doctor tried to soothe the weeping man. But Larry only became furious. He leaped from his bed and tried to jump out the window. Mannering called for strong hospital orderlies. They put Larry into a strait jacket and tied him to the bed.

Later, Dr. Mannering told Owen: "This poor man is insane. He suffers from lycanthropy, a belief that one is a wolf. We must find out more about him. Let's go to Llanwelling."

Larry warned Dr. Mannering that he would kill again – every time the moon was full.





Dr. Mannering examines the grave-robber's body. The local policeman, cemetery caretaker, and Inspector Owen (Dennis Hoy) stand by.

After talking to a village policeman, Mannering and the inspector went to the Talbot tomb. They discovered that the door lock was broken — from the inside! And the body of Lawrence Talbot was missing from its coffin.

Even worse, however, was another discovery.

"Why, it's Freddy Jolly!" exclaimed the local constable. "A well-known grave-robber, is Fred. But he won't rob any more corpses. Look here!"

He shone his lantern on the fallen body.

"Just like the Cardiff cop!" muttered Owen. "His throat is ripped out!"

The village constable said, "We had killings like this around here four years ago. Some terrible wild animal! It killed people and drank their blood. Sir John Talbot and his son Larry went after it. Sir John accidentally killed Larry when he was trying to club the beast."

The men left the tomb and went to the police station. Inspector Owen looked at a photo of Lawrence Talbot. It was the man in the Cardiff hospital.

Dr. Mannering phoned the hospital while Owen asked about the gypsy woman Maleva. The constable said that the gypsies had left England and gone to Europe.

"I'll get to the bottom of this!" said Inspector Owen. Then he saw the expression on Mannering's face. The doctor had turned white. He put down the telephone.

"Larry Talbot has escaped," Mannering whispered. "He tore off that heavy canvas strait jacket — with his teeth — and got away."



THE SEARCH FOR FRANKENSTEIN

Some time passed. A stranger came into a gypsy camp in a European country. He asked for the old woman named Maleva. When she came her eyes went wide.

"Larry! It is you!" she said.

"You must help me," Larry said.

"I cannot," the old woman sorrowfully told him.

"Help me to die!" Larry pleaded. "Your son Bela was the one who turned me into a werewolf!"

Maleva's eyes filled with tears. "It is true. But I cannot help you to die. I do not have the power. But there may be a man who can help you . . . if we can find him."

"Who?" asked Larry.

"His name is Baron Frankenstein. He lives in Vasaria, far from here. He has studied the mysterious forces of life — and death. Yes. We shall go to Frankenstein."

A gypsy man protested. "You must not go with him, Maleva! He is dangerous!" He regarded Larry with terror.

Maleva patted Larry's arm. "Only when the moon is full," she said. "I will look after him. Come, Larry."

The old woman had Larry hitch up her horse and wagon. Then the two of them set out on their long journey.

The old gypsy woman, Maleva (Maria Ouspenskaya).



The Innkeeper (Rex Evans) is questioned by Larry and Maleva.

They traveled for months, through many countries. And at every full moon, Larry underwent his awful change. He killed. But then the werewolf vanished, and only poor Larry remained, wishing to die.

But it is not easy to kill a werewolf.

At last the wagon rolled into Vasaria. Maleva and Larry came to a village near Castle Frankenstein. But they saw that the castle, high on a mountain crag, was in ruins. They could see that a large, new dam was built in a canyon near the old castle.

"Let us stop at this inn," Maleva suggested. "We can ask about Baron Frankenstein."

The innkeeper became very angry at Maleva's questions. "Frankenstein is dead! And good riddance! He built a monster up there in that castle of his. We burned the thing when we trapped it in the castle after it ran amok. Both Frankenstein and his accursed monster died in the flames!"

"Then no one can help me," whispered Larry. The young daughter of the innkeeper was standing on a table, putting fresh candles into the chandelier. She smiled at Larry. But he only turned miserably away.

"Go away!" yelled the innkeeper. "Both of you! And don't come back!"

The innkeeper orders Larry and Maleva out.



Larry climbed back into Maleva's wagon. She shook the reins and the horse moved on. They left the village and took a track that led through deep forest, up toward Castle Frankenstein.

It was a night of the full moon.

Larry felt the werewolf change coming upon him. As always, he ran away from Maleva so he would not hurt the old woman. But he would find other prey.

The howl of a wolf sounded over the valley.

Some time later, a horrible thing was discovered: the body of the innkeeper's daughter. Her throat had been torn out. The villagers formed a mob.

"We'll find the one who did this!" they shouted.

Somebody said, "Maybe it was Frankenstein's monster!"

But somebody else scoffed, "He's dead."

The howl of a wolf rang out over the rocks.

"Listen!" a man shouted.

The mob ran in the direction of the howls. There was a movement up in the tree. "There he is!"

"But it's not a wolf. It's a wolf man!"

Somebody raised a gun. Shots blasted away at the monster up in the tree. But ordinary bullets cannot kill a werewolf. The brute only howled back in fury, and then it ran away.

The people followed. But suddenly, up amid the castle ruins, the werewolf disappeared. Not even a police dog could find it. But the dog did sniff out Maleva.

"Let's take her back to the village and find out what she knows," said the mayor. The people took Maleva away.





Larry finds Frankenstein's Monster!

Larry awoke. He was very cold. Snow lay around him.

He got up from the ground and looked about. He was in a kind of ruined cellar, with a gaping hole in the roof. He must have fallen through that hole.

He rubbed his bruises. Last night . . . the full moon . . . he had killed. Larry uttered a groan. Was there no way he could achieve peace of soul? No way he could die?

After a while he wondered where he was. It was a huge place, built of stone blocks. Castle Frankenstein. Snow all around, and blocks of ice from a frozen stream.

One of those blocks of ice looked very odd!

Larry scratched at its frosty surface. He peered inside and saw something.

It was a huge form with the shape of a man.

Excited, Larry picked up a rock and began to hammer at the ice. Soon he had broken a hole and could see what lay behind the frozen wall — Frankenstein's Monster!

Larry smashed away until all the ice was broken. He pulled the monster out of its icy tomb. Then Larry built a fire and thawed out the monster.

At first, the thing was frightened. It tried to attack Larry. But he calmed it down. He said, "I'm your friend. I won't hurt you. You can help me."

Larry and the monster (Bela Lugosi) warm themselves at a fire.





Larry begs the monster for help.

"Dr. Frankenstein must have kept records," Larry said to the monster. "He must have written down his experiments with life's secret forces. Perhaps he kept a diary."

The monster stared at Larry with dull eyes.

"You must know where the diary is!" Larry cried. "Show it to me!"

Slowly, the monster climbed to its feet. It clomped off into the ruined castle, past the wrecked machines that Frankenstein had used to give it life.

The monster came to a wall and pressed a button. A secret compartment opened.



The monster slowly leads Larry to the ruined lab.



Larry examines the photograph.

Eagerly, Larry went inside the secret room. He found a box and hammered it open. There were many papers inside. Larry pawed through them, hoping to find notes about the Baron's scientific work.

But there was nothing there. The papers were useless.

"It isn't here!" Larry cried hopelessly. "There is no diary."



The box held something else besides the papers.

Larry lifted out a photograph in a fancy frame. The photo had writing on it: "To my dearest father from Elsa."

"So Frankenstein had a daughter!" Larry said to himself. "What a beautiful woman. She would know about her father's experiments. I must find her and talk to her."



Baroness Elsa Frankenstein (Ilona Massey) is introduced to Larry by the village mayor (Lionel Atwill).

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

Some time later, a well-dressed man came to the office of the village mayor. A woman was waiting there for him. The mayor introduced the man and woman.

"Baroness Frankenstein, may I present Mr. Taylor. He is the one who wishes to buy the ruins of Castle Frankenstein."

The Baroness greeted Larry, who was pretending to be "Mr. Taylor."

Larry said, "Baroness, perhaps we might speak alone."

The mayor, who could take a hint, excused himself.

Larry said, "I wanted to meet you, Baroness. I really don't want to buy the land. Please forgive me for deceiving you."

"What can I really do for you?" Elsa Frankenstein asked Larry.

"I want your father's diary," Larry said. "It's a matter of life and death to me — finding out about his experiments. It could help me."

Elsa said, "My father created only terror. I cannot help you. All of his notes were buried when the castle was burned. I have no diary. I know nothing of his experiments."

Larry nodded. Despair filled his heart. If the Baroness was telling the truth, then there was no hope for him. But she did not know his urgent need. Perhaps she thought he was only a fool, wanting to snoop . . .

Larry asks for Frankenstein's diary.



The two of them heard the sounds of music coming from the street outside. Elsa looked down. "They are preparing to have a celebration."

The mayor came back into the office. He looked outside and smiled. "Yes. It is our Festival of the New Wine. There will be dancing and feasting. Perhaps, Baroness, you will stay as my guest. And you, too, Mr. Taylor."

The Baroness agreed to stay for the festival. And Larry, still hoping that she would tell him about her father's work, agreed to stay, too.

The Festival of New Wine begins.





Larry angrily seizes the singer.

The people of the village seemed to have forgotten the tragic death of the girl, that had taken place only a few weeks before. They were full of laughter and song. They danced in the streets. A band played. A village singer came to serenade Larry and the Baroness at their table.

He sang, "May you live eternally!" It was just a way of wishing good luck. But the words of the song struck Larry to the heart. He grabbed the singer.

"I don't want to live forever!" he shouted. "All I want to do is die!"

The singer squirmed away. He thought Larry was drunk.

Now the mayor of the village came up to the table. He led a stranger.

"Here is another visitor to our village! May I present Dr. Mannering!"

The Baroness and "Mr. Taylor" greeted Mannering. He sat down at the table.

"I've been looking for you," Mannering said to Larry. "I've followed your trail across Europe. Your trail . . . of death."

Larry was trapped. He had to explain to Elsa Frankenstein who he really was, and why he really wanted her father's notes. Elsa felt sorry for Larry. But Mannering only wanted to take him back to Britain.

"You're a murderer, Talbot!" said Dr. Mannering. "You belong in a lunatic asylum!"

"I'd escape," Larry said miserably. "I'm too strong to lock up. When I turn into a werewolf, I can break any bonds, tear through any walls or doors. My only release is to die."

Mannering said, "I want to help you."

"Then help me find Frankenstein's diary!" shouted Larry. "He studied the secrets of life and death! If you read his notes, you can help me find out how to die!"

The doctor shook his head. "The moon will be full again soon. I can't take a chance."

Poor Larry could stand it no longer. "Isn't there somebody who can understand me?" he wailed.



The mayor brings Dr. Mannering to Larry and Elsa's table.

Suddenly, the merry music stopped. There was silence. A scream rang out. Then more people shrieked. "It's coming!" someone yelled. "It's alive and it's here in the village! Frankenstein's monster!"

People began to run in all directions. "The monster! The monster!"

The thing came shuffling down the street. Larry leaped from his seat and took it by the arm. The thing let out an enraged roar.

"It's me!" Larry cried. "I'm your friend. Don't you remember?"

The monster's bleary eyes fixed on Larry. It stopped struggling.

"Get guns!" shouted the innkeeper. "Kill the thing that murdered my daughter!"

"No, no!" Larry shouted. "He didn't do anything."

But how could Larry explain that he was the killer?

"Kill the monster!" cried the people.

Larry pulled Frankenstein's monster by the arm. The two of them began to run. Larry saw a wagon standing in the street. He told the monster to climb on. He whipped up the horses and the wagon shot away. Barrels rolled from the back of it, knocking over the pursuers.

Moments later, Larry and the monster had escaped.

The innkeeper was in a rage.

"They'll be hiding in the ruins of the castle. Let's go up there and get them!" he shouted.

But the mayor was more calm. "We must be careful."

Larry tells the monster, "It's me!"





Egged on by the innkeeper, the villagers are hostile toward Elsa and Dr. Mannering.

The innkeeper said, "The Frankenstein woman knows something about this."

The mayor gave a little bow to Elsa. "I'm sure that the Baroness will do all she can to help."

"Of course," said Elsa. "I know those ruins well."

Dr. Mannering said, "If you'll listen to me, I'll help you rid Vasaria of this curse once and for all."

"Exactly," said the mayor. "We'll use our brains in this matter."

But the innkeeper was heard to mutter, "I'll use my fists!"

TRAGEDY AT THE CASTLE

Dr. Mannering, Elsa, and the gypsy woman Maleva came up to the castle the next day.

Mannering called out: "Talbot! We're your friends. Come out, we won't hurt you."

Larry came to meet them. Elsa said, "I think I know where my father's diary may be hidden. Come with me."

She led the way into the ruins. But there in the depths of the castle the monster stood waiting! It raised a club.

"Steady!" shouted Larry. "They're friends!"

With great eagerness, Dr. Mannering examined the monster. Maleva tried to comfort Larry. "Perhaps we will soon find what you have been searching for," she said.

Maleva, Elsa, and Dr. Mannering come to the ruined Castle Frankenstein.



Now Elsa Frankenstein came to the part of the ruins where Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory had been. She went into the secret room. She pressed another button. A smaller secret compartment opened, and inside was the diary.

Dr. Mannering took it from Elsa with trembling hands. He began to read out loud. "' . . . This my creation can never perish unless its life-energy is drained.'"

Larry exclaimed, "Energy could also be drained from my body! Then I'd die at last!" He gestured to the broken laboratory machinery. "Dr. Frankenstein used these machines. You can fix them!"

Maleva tries to comfort Larry as the monster stands by.





Frankenstein's diary is found.

Mannering thought deeply. "The apparatus is still in pretty good shape. It shouldn't be hard to connect up the machines. Yes! I'll do it!"

And so Dr. Mannering moved into the ruined castle and set to work. Elsa helped him, and Larry and the monster did the heavy work. Old Maleva cooked for them and came to the village once a week for supplies.

The villagers grumbled. "That English doctor is no better than Frankenstein! There are strange things going on up there!"

The innkeeper, still brooding about his daughter, muttered, "There's a dam up there. Blow it up, and they'll all drown like rats!"

The mayor was shocked. "Mind what you're saying, Valdek! Or you'll be arrested."

But the innkeeper only smiled.



Elsa fears that Mannering is obsessed by Frankenstein's secrets.

Meanwhile, up in the castle, Dr. Mannering had repaired the machines. Water turbines from the dam provided the power.

At last he said to Elsa: "It's nearly ready."

He twisted knobs and pressed buttons. Dials came alive and electricity crackled.

Elsa looked doubtful. "I saw my father obsessed by the power of life and death. My grandfather, too. It is in your hands to undo the harm they did."

Larry was standing by. "And there's so little time! The moon is nearly full!"

"Prepare yourself," Mannering said. "You, and the monster as well. I'll drain your life-energies tonight."

Dr. Mannering strapped Frankenstein's monster and Larry Talbot to heavy laboratory tables. He studied the old diary and then went to work. Both Larry and the monster were fitted with electrodes at the neck. Wires led from these to the machinery.

Mannering murmured to himself: "Connect minus poles to minus. Then the life-energies will be drained. Both of them will die."

He stared at the switch. Everything was ready.

"I can't do it!" Mannering cried. "I've got to see Frankenstein's creation at its full power!"

He switched the poles from negative to positive. And then he turned on the machines. Great bolts of lightning-like electricity began to zap from the poles.

Elsa, asleep in another part of the castle, heard the sounds and woke up. She hurried to see what was happening.

Mannering fastens wires to electrodes in the monster's neck.



When she got to the lab, she screamed. The machines were not draining life-energy. They were pouring life-energy into the two monsters! The wolf man and Frankenstein's creation struggled against their bonds.

"Frank!" cried Elsa. What have you done?"

Mannering seemed not to hear her. His eyes were fixed on the straining monster.

"Stop! You're making him strong again!" shouted Elsa. She ran to the machine and pulled a switch. There was a loud explosion. The machine burned out.

But the monster of Frankenstein and the transformed wolf man had already broken loose.

The Monster attacks Elsa.





The Wolfman and the Monster battle to the death.

The monster came charging toward Elsa, ready to kill her. The wolf man watched. But inside its brain the spirit of Larry Talbot was still imprisoned. Larry could not let the monster kill Elsa.

With a snarl, he leaped upon the monster. The two horrible creatures wrestled, rolling about on the floor.

Dr. Mannering, who had been knocked unconscious, struggled to his feet. Elsa hurried to him. "Do something!" she begged. But there was nothing to be done.

Mannering shouted, "We've got to get out of here, Elsa." The two of them began to run.



The Wolfman is trapped by fallen timber.

Above the ruins of the castle, Valdek the innkeeper was creeping through bushes near the dam. He found the place he had been looking for and stopped. From a bag he took dynamite, and a fuse. A crazed laugh bubbled from his lips.

"I'll fix you! All of you!" he giggled.

Then he lit the fuse.

And in the castle, Frankenstein's monster and the wolf man continued their awesome fight. The monster was clearly the stronger. It picked up pieces of heavy machinery and threw them at the werewolf. Great clouds of dust arose as the ruined walls began to crumble. A huge beam fell, trapping the wolf man underneath. The monster closed in for the kill.

Neither of the two creatures had heard the distant explosion. Nor did they hear the roar of water escaping from the broken dam. Valdek was swept away by the flood. Elsa and Dr. Mannering, safe on a piece of high ground, watched helplessly as tons of water crashed into the ruins of Castle Frankenstein.

The struggling monster and werewolf disappeared into the depths. Not even bubbles rose from their watery grave.

And in the village, far below, the people watched as Frankenstein's castle of horrors crumbled away in the flood.

Old Maleva watched, too. She prayed that Larry Talbot had found peace at last.

MONSTERS



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MY FRIENDS!

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GODZILLA
KING KONG
THE MUMMY
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